The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend: For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In

In framing an Artiſt, Art ha
To make ſome good, but o
And you her laboured ſcho
For (daughter) ſo you are,
Martiall the reſt, as they de

Knights VVe are honou

King. Your preſence gla
For who hates honour, hat

Marſh. Sir, yonder is y

Per. Some other is more

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſ
That neither in our hearts,
Enuie the great, nor do the
You are right courteous

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he n

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Q
All Viands that I eate do ſe
Wiſhing him my meate: i

King. Hee's but a count
Then other Knights haue
Or ſo; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes

Per. Yon King's to me, li
VVhich tels me in that glo
And Princes ſat like ſtars a
And he the Sunne, for them
None that beheld him, but
Did vaile their Crownes to
VVhere now his ſonne lik
The which hath fire in dark
VVhereby I ſee that time's
For hee's their Parents, and
And giues them what he w

King. VVhat, are you m

Knights. VVho can be ou

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH